Lillie Pozer 1898

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Elizabeth Fry.

Ninety-four years ago there lived in Norwich, England, a motherless girl of twelve years. Her mother had just died, and she was left in the care of others. She was sensitive and timid. Without a good pious mother to guide such a nature she was at a great loss. To add to her misfortune she was considered dull and did not like to study. She grew obstinate and became worldly-minded. She loved dress, and wore a scarlet riding habit and purple sleeves with scarlet lacings. She was fond of music and dancing, and these led her into excitement, vanity and flirtation. These things went on until she was seventeen years of age. It

will not do to forget her name. It was Elizabeth, and her father's name was John Gurney. She was born on May 21, 1780.

Elizabeth's mother was an earnest Christian. Her firmness of character was such that the influence of it never left her daughter. At the age of seventeen the prayers of that good mother for her began to be answered, and Elizabeth's heart was led to God. Although there were many influences to lead her away from Christ, she remained firm in her mother's faith. Her former timidity was changed into courage. Her obstinacy turned into a godly firmness in what she believed to be right. The Gospel she heard preached gave her new views of life and duty. She learned the value of that excellent grace, self-sacrifice for the good of others. She felt that God had called her to do some great work, and with a noble firmness of soul she devoted herself to it, not dreaming of the greatness of the work which she could accomplish. One of the secrets of her great success may be learned from some of her latest words. She said, 'Since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I have never awakened from my sleep, day or night, without my first thought being how best I might serve the Lord.'

Some time after her conversion she united with the Quakers, whose doctrines and customs she fully endorsed and observed. In 1800 she was married to Joseph Fry. In 1813 she made her first visit to Newgate prison, and four years after that she succeeded in establishing a school and manufactory within the prison, organized a ladies' association for the reformation of the prisoners, and thenceforward devoted all her energies to prison reform. A writer in an exchange gives the following account of her beautiful and heroic life:

'Soon after she united with the Quakers her fitness to expound the Scriptures was recognized, and her eloquence and power as a preacher gave her great influence. But it was as a prison reformer that she was most eminent. The revolting conditions of prison life in Great Britain at that time, and the causes that led to it, cannot be detailed in a sketch like this. To visit Newgate as Mrs. Fry first found it, was like going into a den of infuriated wild beasts. Women almost without clothing huddled together, screaming, begging, and threatening with awful violence. Not long afterwards, under the influence of Mrs. Fry, the change was marvellous. Loud and angry words were no longer heard; order and propriety now reigned. As related by a visitor the picture was one never to be forgotten. Around a table, occupied in sewing, were many of the women who so lately had been filled with wrath and turbulence. At the head of the table sat Mrs. Fry, reading the bible, and explaining as she read, while all listened respectfully, and many with eager interest. Instead of scowling, leering, and ill-suppressed laughing, there was in the countenances of the women an expression of self-respect and consciousness of their improved character and condition.

'The work begun at Newgate broadened, till not only in England, but throughout Great Britain, the Channel Islands, and Continental Europe, her influence was brought to bear upon the elevation of prison regulations and convict life; remedies in modes of punishment and discipline; and the erection of buildings necessary to the carrying out of her system. In her extensive travels, she was received by royalty and government officials everywhere with great cordiality. They followed her counsels, and joined her in measures of reforms; and she enjoyed the rare privilege of living to see most of her reforms become laws of the land. Organizations were founded by her for the improvement of prison life for female and juvenile convicts; for the improvement of prison discipline; for the protection and reformation of juvenile offenders, and of females after leaving prison; for the protection of servants in times of emergency; and, in fact, for almost every phase of human need; her last effort of the kind being the founding of an order called the 'Nursing Sisters,' a band of women to be trained as nurses for the sick.

'She passed to the heavenly home, October 12, 1845, at the age of sixty-five. Soon after her death, at a public meeting in London, measures were taken for establishing as a fitting monument to her memory, "The Elizabeth Fry Refuge," for affording temporary food and shelter to destitute females on their discharge from metropolitan prisons.'

A Cheerful Service.

(By Ruth Argyle.)

When Robert Smith was about thirty years of age he experienced religion and became as enthusiastic in serving the Lord as he had formerly been in the pursuit of pleasure. At first he was anxious to enter the ministry, feeling quite sure that in this capacity alone he could serve the Master he had so lately learned to love; but there were very serious objections to his taking this step. He had been educated for a druggist, and had made medicine and chemistry specialties for years; in addition to this he had just invested all his savings and a little money his father had left him in a stock of drugs with which he had opened a store in a thriving town. He had recently married the lady of his choice and settled down in the new home she had selected and furnished. After much prayerful and earnest deliberation he made up his mind to remain in business and serve the Lord in it.

This he did for more than fifty years. For

every person who entered his store he had a word of advice, exhortation, warning, or comfort. So near to Christ did he live that it seemed as if it were the Master's voice speaking; never did he allow an opportunity to pass, never did he lose his temper, no matter how rudely his words were received. Every act of his daily life was performed as if the Master were standing by his side.

So perfect was his trust that, when the only son who had given the rest of the family any uneasiness was converted, his father received the news so quietly that a friend asked him if he were not surprised, as every one else was.

'No, no; not in the least. I believed *the Lord would answer my prayers* in his own good time; how could I have been surprised.'

It was not until Mr. Smith was an old man that the billows of affliction began to roll over him. Two sons, the darlings of his heart, the Joseph and Benjamin of his old age, were suddenly taken from him almost without warning. Still his faith did not waver. With tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks but a tender smile quivering round his lips he stood up in a prayer-meeting and described the last hours of the young Christians who had been so suddenly torn from his loving arms. Those two young men had fulfilled every desire of his heart by walking in his footsteps. They had gathered the outcast children of the east end of the town into a mission-school which they taught from Sabbath to Sabbath; they were active in the church Sunday-school and in the prayer-meetings, where their father would listen to their voices raised in prayer and song with tears of joy in his eyes. Model sons and Christians, but at the Lord's call, without one murmur, the loving father let them go.

The lesson of Mr. Smith's life should be remembered by all business men. It is possible to serve the Lord in your business day by day; not only by being upright and strictly honorable in all your transactions, but by seizing every occasion offered to speak a word for the Master. Not in a canting 'I am-better-than-you-are' manner. No, no; speak as he did, with a bright smile, a cheerful simplicity that could not give offence. Many could trace their first awakening to the need of a Saviour to him. Children to whom he gave pretty pictures and almanacs always heard a few words about Jesus, emphasized with a gentle smile, a kindly glance over the gold spectacles.

He was the happiest Christian we knew: his religion was a continual feast to him, a feast he delighted to share with all the world.—'American Messenger.'

A Nursery in a Church.

(Babies attended to during divine service.)

There are many mothers who cannot go to a place of worship on Sunday unless they take their babies with them. Under these circumstances they do not go for fear their children should cry, and not only disturb the minister, but the whole congregation. The Rev. F. B. Meyer has recently tried to remedy this by providing a nursery in which the children can be attended to during the hours of worship, and now at every service quite a number of mothers attend, handing their babies to the care of a nurse.

The nursery at Christ Church, Westminster Bridge Road, where Mr. Meyer officiates, is a bright little room. Chairs and tiny beds are placed all over the room for the use of the little ones. Toys even are provided to while away the hours of the service, and

THE NURSERY ATTACHED TO CHRIST CHURCH, WESTMINSTER.

those who can walk and amuse themselves have a very pleasant time.

Adjoining the creche is another room, which is generally cleared for the use of the more active children. In this they run up and down, and are allowed to do exactly as they like, for any noise they make is not audible in the church. A nurse is employed especially for the work, and her performance of this duty enables some twenty mothers at each Sunday service to worship God in the sanctuary who would not otherwise be able to do so.

Every Monday afternoon Mr. Meyer holds what he calls a 'Mothers' at home,' and the meeting is attended regularly by between one hundred and fifty and two hundred women. The mothers are also asked to bring their babies to the meeting if they cannot come without them, and the nursery often contains on that day some fifty or sixty children.

Several of these creches have been established of late. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has instituted a week-day creche for the benefit of working women in connection with his West London Mission at Craven Chapel.—'Sunday Companion.'

A Personal Testimony.

In the early days of my life I was led to see my own sinfulness in the sight of God, and after a time of anxious thought and prayer the Lord gave me an answer of peace through his written word:—'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' I was enabled to trust in the atoning merits of Jesus Christ, and to believe that I was accepted in him. After this I became a member of a Christian Church, and a teacher in the Sunday-school.

At a later period in my Christian experience I was led to see my own weakness, and to realize my need of the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit. God graciously answered my prayer, and I became conscious of his indwelling power, quickening spiritual life, giving victory over the power of the enemy, and guidance in the hour of perplexity.

The quickening power of the Spirit created in me a desire to be entirely engaged in working for God, but the way was not made plain at that time. The Lord knew the desire of my heart, and enabled me to commit my way unto him. 'No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.'

About five years passed away in silent waiting, and then a great change in my circumstances took place. God tested my faith by closing a door of occupation which had been my means of support for many years, and in this season of darkness I was led into very close communion with my father in heaven, waiting for a revelation of his perfect way for me. 'The young lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.' 'Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed.'

'Though dark be my way
The Lord is my guide;
'Tis mine to obey,
And his to provide.
Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken
Shall surely prevail.'

As I obeyed the word, I proved the love and faithfulness of God in providing for my temporal needs. The barrel of oil wasted not, neither did the cruise of oil fail. The testing process was permitted to strengthen faith, and to prepare me for future service.

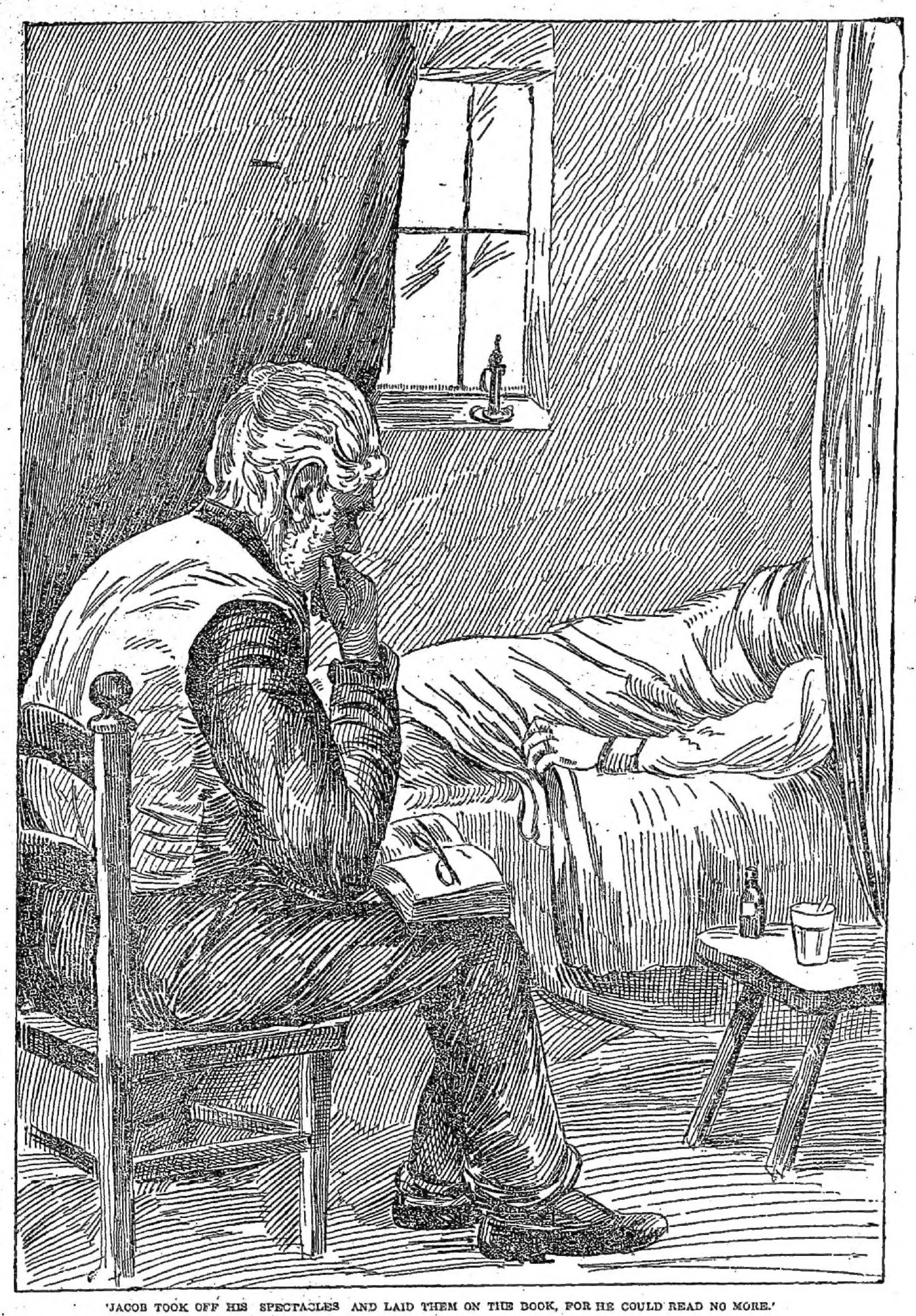
During the waiting season much time had been spent in prayer, asking that the way might be made very plain. I desired to hear the voice of my Divine Master, and to know that he was leading me forth. In God's own appointed time the message came. 'Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you.' A door of service was soon opened for me in Gospel mission work, where numbers gathered together to hear the Word of God, and I have had the joy of telling the old, old story of Jesus and his love.—'Faithful Words.'

At Rest.

I used to pray, 'Lord, let this thing be done;'
Or, 'Let my eyes to-morrow see the sun;'
'Lord, send me this!' or, 'Turn my feet away
From paths too rough for walking,' I would say.
But now each day in passing brings to me
New visions of my father, and I see
His figure near me when the way is dim,
And so, my own face turning up to him,
I say no more these prayers in restless tone.
No roughened pathway or no sharpened stone
Has power to hurt me, for the heavens shine
Since I have asked his will to cover mine.

—Bertha Davis.

BOYS AND GIRLS



'JACOB TOOK OFF HIS SPECTACLES AND LAID THEM ON THE BOOK, FOR HE COULD READ NO MORE.'

The Faith of Two.

(By W. E. Cule, in 'Silver Link.')

Every morning the old people rose early, and sat down to a breakfast poorer, perhaps, than any other in Penborman. But the words old Jacob read at the table through his great horn spectacles gave a perfect flavor to their simple food, and filled them with content. Want and winter were indeed at the door, but their approach only gave meaning to the cry of triumph: 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.'

Afterwards Jane would set her house in order and go briskly 'over the way,' where the white walls of the steam laundry rose on the side of the hill. She could do very little work now, but the manager was kind to her, and generally found some light task for the old woman who came to the door every

morning with such a sunny smile, and went away with such patience when he had nothing to give.

And Jacob could still do a little net-mending when the fishers' boats came in at early morning. This work was his delight, and the men paid him in kind, never forgetting even in their busiest time to put their little gifts of fish into his hands. In the afternoon he worked in his garden, pausing now and again to look out over the great, grey sea. His look was sometimes wistful for the secret of the 'Golden Bell' and his lost son was locked in the bosom of that restless water. The ship had gone down, they said, in the far-off Pacific, leaving no sign, but Jacob knew that for him the whole story would soon be plain. There would be no secrets on the other side.

So they worked and trusted, asking of no man. The kind-hearted rector, finding Jacob in the garden one afternoon, suggested the almshouses, but received no encouragement.

'I know the winter's a-comin', sir, and the houses be nice an' cosy,' said Jacob thoughtfully. 'But, as my Jennie says, we have kept clear of charity so far, an' it baint likely the Lord'll make us take it now. You see, sir, we stands to the old psalm. It says, "The Lord is my shepherd — I shall not want," an' we reckon it holds as good now as ever it did.'

'No doubt, no doubt,' said the rector absently.

'And,' went on Jacob Denzil, concluding his little speech, 'we've agreed that as long as I be fit for my garden an' the nets, an' as long as Jennie can find a bit to do over the way, we sha'n't think of worriting.'

The Rector bade the old man 'good day,' and passed on up the village street. He understood vaguely that the faith of this old couple was that power which could move mountains—mountains of doubt and fear, of poverty and care for the morrow.

When he had gone Jacob quietly went on with his digging. He had drawn the last of his potatoes, but he smiled contentedly as he looked around and saw that his turnips were coming on splendidly, while his savoys were full of promise. No sooner was one thing gone than another was provided.

So August passed, and September came in with its balmy days but closing evenings. Nights became chilly, visitors left the seaside village, and at last the manager of the laundry found it difficult to keep his hands employed. Then, one Monday morning, he was obliged to tell Jane Denzil that he had nothing for her to do.

'I am very sorry,' he said kindly, as he paid her the last shilling. 'If you will look in on Thursday I may have something more, but there is really nothing now.'

Old Jane thanked him, and turned back to her cottage. There was a strange faintness about her, and even if there had been work to-day she could never have carried it through. When at last she reached home she sank down just within the door, where Jacob found her when he came up from the beach.

For the next few days the fishermen saw little of him. Then, in their rough way, they made enquiries, and, finding how things stood, sent up their little gifts as usual. As for the rector, he came in constantly. His sympathy and presence were very welcome, though his fruit and cordials could do nothing, and in the matter of comfort they needed no more than could be found in their favorite scripture morning after morning: 'Through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.'

And so the end came. One afternoon Jacob sat on the chair by the bedside, and read the words of peace for the last time in that presence. His voice quavered more than usual and his glasses were strangely dim.

When he had done there came a heavy sigh from the bed, where the old woman lay with her eyes half closed. Then a whisper:

'"I shall not want." That's for you, Jacob.'

'Aye, aye, for me,' said Jacob, huskily. 'It's all right, Jennie, don't worry for me.'

There was a long silence. Jacob took off his spectacles and laid them on the Book, for he could read no more. Then he sat waiting, while the sweet sea breeze came in through the open door, and the breathing grew fainter and fainter.

Suddenly she spoke again, clearly and distinctly, while a smile of gladness lighted her worn face:

'Jacob, man, I'm going — Over the Way! The Manager wants me.'

The old man rose and went to the bedside. He did not speak, but took the thin, wrinkled hand in his own.

'He's a-callin', Jacob. I mustn't wait. There, he's coming down to meet me. Look, his robes are all white—whiter than ever I made them. And see his face! Sure, man, it is the Lord—it is the Lord!'

Her voice sank, not in weakness, but in awe, in wonder. And Jacob, listening, did not hear a heavy footstep on the garden path, did not see the shadow of a tall form at the doorway.

'I'll ask him, Jacob,' went on the low voice. 'He looks so kind, I'll ask him to prepare a table for you—in the winter. But no—there's no need—see, he smiles—he will do it, Jacob—he will——'

The words faded in a fleeting whisper that was almost the last. But then a quick footstep sounded on the stone floor, and a strong man came and knelt down beside old Jacob; knelt down and placed his arms about the thin form on the bed. And at the touch of those arms and the whisper of a loved voice, the spirit seemed to come back for a moment more.

'I knew he would, Jacob. You shall not want, now. But I must go. He's waiting over the way!'

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The rector called again next morning. He had wondered during the night how Jacob's faith would bear this last shock. Surely he would see now that the almshouse was the best place. The old couple's trust had been very beautiful but it seemed so old-fashioned in these later days. So there was question as well as sympathy in his look when he grasped the old man's hand. Perhaps Jacob Denzil saw it.

'It be all done, sir,' he said quietly. 'Jennie went over the way yesterday.'

Then his voice seemed to give a new ring of joy and triumph as a tall young man, strong and bearded, came from the inner room and stood before them.

'This be my son, Thomas, sir, as was lost wi' the "Golden Bell." He's been on a desert island for three years, but now the Shepherd's brought him back. He be willin' to stay ashore now, along with me. God bless him—God bless him! But I knew all along that I shouldn't want. The old word holds as good now as ever it did!'

The crown must be won from heaven, dear,
In the battlefield of life;
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;
Tho angels of heaven are on thy side
And God is over all.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

The Gospel Message.

('Christian Ambassador.')

Ringing all adown the ages is the Gospel message heard!
Ringing all adown the ages comes the everlasting Word!
There is hope for all who hear it, and who hearing it, obey,
For our Lord shines on the darkness in the world's broad field to-day.

But the darkness doth not own him, for it ever shuns the light;
And his own have not received him, though he seeks them day and night:
Yet the hearts of men are yearning for a brighter, better day,
And for more enduring riches that shall never pass away.

Of the fulness of the blessing we may reach and all partake,
As we place our trust in Jesus, and the sinner's path forsake;
There is peace and there is gladness when the Saviour finds his own,
For he long hath trod the winepress of his vineyard all alone.

There is naught but disappointment for the sin-deluded heart,
For no tongue can tell the sadness when the Saviour cries, 'Depart!
For I never, never knew you, as the cross ye could not bear,
And the soul that enters heaven must a wedding garment wear.'

Oh, what madness thus to trifle with the Saviour's loving call!
Oh, what gladness to receive him, for he came to ransom all!
With the joy of God's salvation there is nothing can compare,
And what songs of Hallelujah shall all saints in glory share!

Ringing all adown the ages comes the message from on high!
Ringing all adown the ages comes the query, 'Will he die?'
There is peace and there is pardon, there is cleansing for the soul
That will trust the Great Physician who can make the sin-sick whole.

WM. KITCHING.

A Manuscript Bible.

A manuscript bible, written under interesting circumstances, was referred to at a recent bible meeting at Colchester. It was written by an apprentice boy, named Newman, in the time of James II., and was in the library of Dr. Williams. The boy, having a presentiment that all bibles were to be collected and destroyed, sat up many nights, and made a copy in manuscript of the entire Scriptures, hoping that when called upon to give up his bible, he might secretly retain his written copy.—'Sunday Friend.'

Professor Laflin, whose authority on the subject is unquestioned, says: 'In a cigarette there are five poisons: the oil in the paper, the oil of nicotine, saltpetre to preserve the tobacco, opium to make it mild, and the oil in the flavoring. The trouble with the cigarette is the inhaling of the smoke. If you blow a mouthful of smoke through a handkerchief, it will leave a brown stain. Inhale the smoke and blow it through the nostril, and no stain will appear. The oil and poison remain in the head or body. Cigarettes create a thirst for strong drink; and there should be anti-cigarette societies, as there are temperance societies.'

The College Girl's Vacation.

(By Helen Marshall North.)

A flutter of pink muslin, a gleam of floating pink ribbons, of a summer hat wreathed with roses, and a charming, earnest girl face looking out from under it, and all the piazza people at the great hotel said: 'That must be Rosamund Ellis, the college girl whose coming has been talked of so long.'

And every one in the house soon knew, by the cordial greetings extended by old friends and the admiring glances of those who met her for the first time, that to Rosamund Ellis fairly belonged the fame of the Mountain House.

The great fashionable hotel, crowned a height in the centre of a New England village, lately found out and occupied as a summer resort by a somewhat unique circle of city people. At the head of the little company was a cultured, highly intellectual man, whose fame as orator and writer has gone the world over. With him came a college professor or two, a poet and a novelist, each attracting a little coterie, and all exulting in the rare beauty and healthfulness of the hills. The real denizens of the town, whose ancestors had transformed the wilderness into a habitable place, were, in the main, intelligent, God-fearing farmers, in whose eyes the pretty white church, with its slender spire pointing heavenward from the village green, represented the true meaning of all life, material as well as spiritual.

The new city-comers, however, secretly despised the plain little church and its plain service, and often used the words 'narrow' and 'bigoted' in speaking of its worshippers. And quite naturally the village people who were outside of the church, and especially those whose gains were increased in the service of the newcomers—all those whom the church longed to win to Christ—were dazzled by the glitter of the gay city people, and readily adopted their sentiments.

Sweet Rosamund Ellis had found nothing in her home life to help her onward in spiritual ways, but at college her pure nature yielded to religious influence, and she had, early in the course, given her heart and soul loyally and earnestly to the service of her Saviour. From being a day to be spent in idleness and social pleasure, the Sabbath had become to her a day to be joyfully given to spiritual things. The hours for communion, for reading the word and meditation, for helping others on in the upward way, seemed all too short. She not only reverenced and carefully observed the day; she loved it.

So it happened that when the young girl came down to breakfast the first Sabbath morning after her arrival at the hotel, looking as fair as a spring blossom in her fresh, white gown, and with her face shining with the joy of early Sabbath morning thoughts, the chatter of the hotel company jarred painfully on her heart.

'We are off for a horseback ride to Whitecap,' said a jolly young fellow, 'with dinner at the new Mountain House, and a ride home by moonlight. What do you think of that?'

It was not an easy matter for the girl to assert her position in the face of their careless talk. She particularly despised cant and self-righteousness. The young men and maidens clustered around her, laughing and planning. Some of them knew her ideas about Sabbath-keeping, and looked on with eager curiosity to see what she would do.

'But what about the morning service, if we all go horseback riding?' she said at length, lightly, with a little quiver as she faced an audience so thoroughly out of sympathy with her manner of keeping the day.

A volley of answers, just as she expected, met her little venture. It was too warm to go to church; the pastor didn't know how to preach; the choir didn't know how to sing; it was vacation time; let church-going have a rest with other duties of the year; and some one breathed that ancient, sophistical platitude about 'worshipping God in nature.'

But Rosamund quietly held her way.

'When I was in the mountains last year,' she said, 'I heard some one say to the old pastor of the town, What a fine thing for your church and the place to have this brilliant company of men and women come here for the summer; it gives new life to the old town, and must be a great incentive to the young people.'

'I shall never forget the old man's answer;

'"Better, a thousand times better, if the brilliant men and women had never seen our little town. They openly despise the worship of God's house and all that goes with it. They draw away from its service the boys and men who must care for their horses, and drive them about on Sunday excursions; they teach the use of wine and tobacco; they profane every Lord's Day all through the summer, and the fact that they are cultured, intelligent and highly esteemed in the world outside, adds terrible weight to their bad example. The Lord's Day was a quiet, sacred, happy time until they came. Now all the preaching of the year cannot wipe away the effect of their evil deeds. The church feels the influence most keenly. And when, at the close of the season, all the gay guests unite in an entertainment for our benefit, they think they are doing an act of charity. Far greater charity," said the old man, "if they would remain away; or, better, if they would show at least outward respect to the day which we honor, and which we are trying to teach our children to honor. Some of the visitors are members of Christian churches at home, I am told. How can they answer to their God for the long summer violations of his command to reverence the Sabbath? They excuse themselves by saying that I cannot preach as well as their city pastors; that I do not deny. But surely God's word is powerful, however feebly it is set forth, and there must be some thought in any honestly prepared sermon which should reach and help a true Christian, however lacking in eloquence the preacher may be. I do my best," said the old man humbly.

'Now,' said Rosamund, still lightly, 'if any of you feel like adding to the burdens of that good old man, I am not of you. Every Sunday this summer I shall go to church, morning and evening, God willing, and not once shall I go riding or take part in an excursion of any sort. And I shall count as my particular friends those who do the same. It is the Lord's day, not ours, you know; and I truly believe,' she added softly, 'that we can make the Sabbaths among these hills beautiful memories for all our lives.'

The little company gradually dissolved away from Rosamund's side and formed in groups on the piazza, in the parlors and in quiet corners, to talk over the situation. In a half-hour the horses were brought gaily up to the front door, and a party, much smaller than the original one, galloped away over the plain. A few quietly walked across the green to the little church, and the old pastor noted their coming and wondered much what had brought them.

By degrees Rosamund won the day. She talked to the fishing young men so effectually that they gave up Sunday sport; and the small boys who usually attended them on their excursions had a chance to go to Sabbath-school. She interviewed all sorts of Sabbath-breaking people and won many to her way of thinking. She added her fresh, well-trained voice to the choir and sang solos to attract the music lover. She induced a city musician to preside at the little organ. She made friends with the old pastor and his wife and warmed their hearts by her earnestness and Christian sympathy.

And when the Lord of the vineyard cometh and reckoneth in that little village then, and not till then, will be known all that Rosamund, the prettiest summer girl in the mountains, wrought for his kingdom.—'Woman's National Sabbath Alliance Tract.'

Mr. Budgett's Tea Party.

We remember to have once heard a gentleman remark on hearing the twelfth and thirteenth verses of the fourteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel read aloud: 'Well, that is a precept to which I never knew even religious people to pay attention.'

We do not now stop to inquire whether this person's observation admits of too general an application, but hasten to the pleasanter task of recounting an instance in which the command referred to was simply and literally obeyed, and with such happy results as seem to say to those who hear them, 'Go thou and do likewise.'

It is related of that Christian merchant, the late Mr. Samuel Budgett, that, returning home one Sunday evening from a village where he had been about his Master's work, he saw a number of youths idling in a lane, with every appearance of being persons of the worst habits. He thought how they had been spending the day, and his benevolent heart grieved for their state of moral destitution. He went to them, and, in his own kind way, entered into conversation. He said he wished to see them happy. 'You have minds, and I should like to see you improve your minds; you ought to have something to think about, and to employ you usefully.' After chatting with them till he gained their attention, he said: 'Now, if I were to offer you a good tea, would you like to come and take it?'

'Oh, yes! oh, yes!' was the reply.

'Then come up to our room to-morrow evening; we are going to have a little tea-meeting, and you shall have a good tea.'

This invitation, which was to a tea-meeting of tract distributors, was accepted. He paid for tickets for his new friends, who did not fail to attend, and do ample justice to the fare provided. He then came up to them and said, 'Well, have you had a good tea?'

'Yes, thank you.'

'I suppose you know many young men just of your own kind, who go about the lanes on a Sunday night just like you?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Do you think if I were to promise them a good tea, they would come?'

The answer encouraged him to hope for their company on such terms. One hundred tickets were soon after distributed to the worst young men in the neighborhood, with a promise of a bountiful treat if they came to Mr. Budgett's large room on a certain evening. This gentleman's character was too well known for them not to be aware that he had some religious end in view; still they did not like to miss the feast; so they compromised the matter by resolving that the moment they had finished the tea they would go away before they could be involved in a religious meeting, or anything of that sort.

But Mr. Budgett was a match for them; he met their stratagem by one of his own; his heart yearned for these poor lost sheep, to bring them to the Good Shepherd, and,

like the Apostle, 'being crafty, he caught them with guile.' Above a hundred of these outcasts of society assembled on the appointed evening; the room was crowded, and seldom has so extraordinary a company been gathered under a decent roof. In one corner of the apartment especially, it seemed as if the ringleaders had fixed themselves; and to this point one of Mr. Budgett's sons, who was in the plot, immediately betook himself, made one of the party, and talked familiarly with their chief.

Just as the repast ended, the preconcerted move began to be made; but Mr. Budgett ran up into the desk and said: 'I asked you to come here for the purpose of doing something for you—something that will be of use to you. Now, just as a start, I will give among you fifty pounds, and you must make up your minds what you will do with it.'

The 'wild rogues,' as the narrator of this interesting incident calls them, were thunderstruck. It is easy to run away from a prayer-meeting, but it is another matter to run away from fifty pounds. Hats were laid down, and some who had got as far as the door turned back. One of Mr. Budgett's sons—he who had identified himself with the strange visitors—called out, 'Fifty pounds!—that's something; why, there are about a hundred of us, and supposing we divide it amongst us, there will be half a sovereign apiece.' Another, who was also in the secret, at once rose and objected, saying it would be foolish to throw away such a sum as fifty pounds in that way; they had better put it to some use that would do them good for a long time to come. This was argued until all seemed to agree to that suggestion. It was then proposed to found a society for study and mental cultivation, to be called the 'Kingswood Young Men's Association.'

This was carried by vote, and Mr. Budgett was appointed treasurer. A committee was formed, and, in accordance with the tact whereby the whole matter was managed, some of the wild youths, to their great delight and exultation, were placed upon it. Weekly meetings were then arranged for Sunday evenings, after service. This secured Mr. Budgett's object of withdrawing them from their demoralizing rambles on Sunday evenings, and getting them to the house of God.

The result of this happy tea-party was that about sixty of these young men attended regularly, and were met with on Sunday nights after service for religious instruction, and in the week for secular instruction. The original donation was laid out in a good library; and year after year a tea-meeting was given, at which very substantial books were given as rewards.

A similar association for young women was afterwards instituted by Mr. Budgett, which was blessed with similar success. These associations cost him annually about fifty pounds; but he had his reward in the improvement of many and the clear conversion of some.

To the life of this remarkable man, which we would earnestly recommend to the attention of our readers, the most appropriate motto would be these words: 'In every work that he began he did it with all his heart, and prospered.' 'Fervent in spirit,' and 'not slothful in business,' he 'served the Lord.'—'Day of Days.'

Teach me thy patience; still with thee
In closer, dearer company;
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong;
In trust that triumphs over wrong;
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give—
With thee, O Master, let me live!

—Washington Gladden.

Ungracious Goodness.

(By Martha Clark Rankin.)

'Mama, is Mr. Black a good man?' was the earnest query of a ten-year-old boy.

'Yes, indeed; a very good man. Why do you ask?' was the reply.

'Because, if he is good, then I don't see why God lets a good man be so disagreeable!'

To the mother of three ever-questioning children it was no uncommon experience to be at a loss for an answer, and this time the thought was one which had often seemed puzzling. It is written of our Saviour that he 'increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.' That would seem to be the natural condition of spiritual growth—an increase in favor with man as well as God; but alas! I had known too many who, like Mr. Black, were types of ungracious goodness. A stern, sour face, which instantly repelled a sensitive person; a manner never kindly, often distinctly unsympathetic and harsh—could I wonder that such a man should be a stumbling-block in the way of my child.

I sent the boy away on an errand, knowing that his question would be brought back to me, but hoping by delay to gain some inspiration. Immediately all the ungracious good people I had ever known began to pass in procession before me.

First came the woman who could always be counted on to help a neighbor or the church, but who was sure to find fault, criticise, and scold, giving the impression that she was a martyr, killing herself with self-sacrificing work. 'An excellent woman,' everybody said, 'but peculiar,'—a word, by the way, which covers a multitude of sins.

Next came the blunt church-member, who prided herself on always telling the truth. 'If everybody was like me,' she was wont to say, 'there wouldn't be much trouble in the world. Everybody knows just where I stand.' It is she who waits for the pastor after church with the greeting, 'I hope you'll give us a good practical sermon next Sunday—one that'll hit some of our backsliding members; and p'r'aps you don't know that Aunt Huldy's feeling dretful hurt because you ain't been in since she's had the rheumatism so bad.'

The poor pastor, who had known nothing of 'Aunt Huldy's' rheumatism, goes home discouraged—a feeling which he shares with half a dozen others whom she greets. But she is a good woman, and at least never says anything behind your back that she would not say to your face.

Following her is the elderly man who is ever shaking his head over the degeneracy of the times and the frivolity of the young. When he was a boy, he went to church twice every Sunday, and to Sunday-school between; and, if boys now had to do the same, there would be an end to Sunday bicycling and weekday dancing and card-playing. He does not know what the world is coming to, with such a gay set of young folks to take the place of the strong men and women who will soon be gone.

His cousin is the man who thinks poorly of the Christian Endeavor movement. It makes a good show, he admits, but there is too much show about it, and it makes the young folks think they can run everything.

Next I remembered a lady whose diligence in the study of her Sunday-school lesson attracted my attention on the cars one day. With bent head and attentive air she was comparing her bible and commentary, and I thought some scholars were fortunate in a diligent and careful teacher. Then she looked up, and I found myself wondering whether the lesson of the melancholy scowling face might teach louder than all she could say. And when she moved aside to make room for an old woman who came into the crowded car, I noticed that it was done without the smile which would have made the action gracious.

At this point I was interrupted by a call from my pastor, to whom I propounded the question, 'Why is it that good people are not always agreeable?'

'They are,' was the response. 'Goodness must of necessity be agreeable. If one fails to find it so, the fault must be in himself.'

I was silenced, but would this answer satisfy my child? Should I say to him, 'You are very wrong, my son, to think Mr. Black cross; if you were only better yourself, you would see only his lovely traits of character; we see in others the reflection of ourselves?'

Perhaps it was a mistake, but when he came bounding in to hear what I would say, I found myself talking after this fashion:

'You know, my child, that when we call a person "good" we don't mean that he is perfect; only One who has ever lived has been without faults. We mean simply that he is trying to do right. Your little experience in gardening has shown you that it is far easier to raise a good crop on one piece of ground than another; and so good traits are much more easily cultivated in some characters than in others. Some people fail to realize their unattractive manners, while others, I fancy, mourn in secret over what they do not succeed in overcoming. We can always respect their evident desire to be good, whatever the result; and we should strive ourselves for a gracious and winning manner. It is the oil which makes things run smoothly, and prevents friction in the affairs of life. You know how much more easily a bicycle runs after it has been oiled, and you may often notice that one gracious kindly person will keep a whole household happy and sweet-tempered. A man may be gracious without being good, and he may be good without being gracious; but it is only the union of the two that gives the best results.'—'S. S. Times.'

About Good Books.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

I am often asked by young people what sort of books I would recommend for the reading of those who have not very much time to spend in literary pursuits, but who really wish to improve themselves. The question is a little difficult to answer, because the world of books is so large, and the tastes of readers are so various. But there are certain broad lines which an intelligent person may follow to advantage, and first I will lay some of these down on the negative side.

'Never read a book which you know to be bad.'

It is a singular thing that a book sometimes wins financial success, is sold readily and bought eagerly, simply because it is talked about as not quite a good or moral book. I hold that as we choose our friends we should choose our books, and as no one selects for daily companionship a vulgar or coarse or wicked person, so no one should admit to his or her intimate company a book known to be bad.

'Never read a book which gives you a false view of life.'

There are books of fine literary quality, which are packed with false sentiment, which are cynical, which leave one with a distorted point of view. Such books do positive harm, and a busy young person has no time to waste on them. To spend precious hours

over such pages is as foolish as to take the wrong turning in a road and wander miles out of one's way, when one is tired and hungry, and night is coming on.

'Never read any book which advocates atheistic principles.'

We live in an age when a great deal of doubt is expressed on every side. If we would escape its influence we must keep fast hold of the faith and trust we learned when our mothers taught us to pray. Books which inculcate doubt will weaken, not strengthen faith, and should be avoided.

Having said this, I must hasten to add that there is a wide choice among good books so that nobody need be fearful that there will ever be a dearth in quantity. If one has only a small amount of time to give to reading I advise that a large book, like a large piece of work, be undertaken, and ten or twenty minutes, or a half-hour daily, be devoted to its study. Let the book be a history, like Green's 'History of the English People,' or Motley's 'Dutch Republic,' or John Fiske's 'Beginnings of New England,' and read from day to day so many pages, setting forward the daily mark, as you go on. At the end of several weeks, or months, you will be surprised at the ground you have covered. Where these large books are too expensive for purchase, and there is no library from which you can borrow, look about for more excellent volumes which are published specially for young people, at prices within the scope of your purse. Such books can be found, and it is always a good investment to own a book which will prove a continual joy.

I am very fond of biography myself. It makes me think of Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' and I see in the stories of men's careers on this earth, however simple,

'Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing shall take heart again.'

There are lives of missionaries which are more entertaining than any romance; lives of great personages which bring vividly before us the periods in which they lived, and lives of men of letters which introduce us to the familiar circle of their friends, and give us a sort of view behind the screen, of the poetry and stories which came from their pens.

In this day, many of us need to be reminded that next to the bible, which is always the best book, 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is one of the most fascinating volumes ever written. Most of us have it somewhere about the house, and it might be a good plan to begin it this very week, and find out how full of charm it is, how full of good thoughts. —'Forward.'

Samuel Wells Williams, LL.D.

(Dr. F. J. Stanley.)

In 1833, a Presbyterian elder in Utica, N.Y., received a letter from the American Board of Foreign Missions. The letter, which he read to his son, a young man twenty-one years of age, just graduated from Rensselaer Institute, Troy, N.Y., contained the following passage:

'Our board has been looking some time past for a young Christian man—a printer—to go to Canton, China, and open the printing press for China's nineteen provinces and four hundred millions of people. We believe your son Samuel is the one God wants to go.' 'Will you go?' was asked by the father as he looked into his son's face. A moment's reflection, and he replied, 'By God's grace, I will.' 'Then,' said the father, as tears coursed down his cheeks 'you now redeem the pledge of your sainted mother, who has been in heaven seven years.'

'What pledge, father? I never knew my beloved mother made a pledge for me!' 'Yes, my son; when you were about two years old, in yonder log school-house, your mother took you and your little brother, a babe on her bosom, to the meeting where a returned missionary told them of the great needs of the heathen world. When he appealed for money, books, clothing, or anything to help carry the gospel to those destitute people, your mother, the wife of a poor printer, had no money nor books, and could not rob you, a bare-footed boy of any clothes. On a slip of paper she wrote her gift and dropped it into the basket of the Lord. When opened it read, "I give my two boys"'

A moment after the son replied to the father, 'I now have a double reason to go. I redeem the pledge of my sainted mother. By God's grace I shall go to China.' In October, 1833, this young man began his work in Canton, China. A few years later a little Japanese boat was driven by a storm upon the Chinese shore. The Chinese stood ready to behead the Japanese sailors and take the spoils; but Williams, putting his hands on the Chinese, said: 'Spare the Japanese, I will care for them.' He was one of a party that sailed in the ship 'Morrison,' to restore these shipwrecked seamen to their homes. Two attempts were made to land, but the guns from batteries on shore were turned against them, and they were obliged to return to Canton. 'Let us not be weary in well-doing,' said Williams. Because one attempt has failed, shall all future endeavors cease? The rejection of the men, although painful to them and us, may be the very best thing that could have happened; for if they had been received and we quietly dismissed, our means for doing them and their countrymen further good would have been taken out of our hands. Let us not abandon this nation, but by making the best use of the men whom we have, get better prepared to do them permanent good by-and-by.' So he took some of these men to his home, learned their language, translated for them portions of the bible, and saw them accept the Christian faith.

His acquaintance with these Japanese prepared him for a most important service. In 1853, Commodore Perry, bearing a letter from President Fillmore to the ruler of Japan, touched at a Chinese port, and inquired who in China understood the Japanese language. There was but one opinion, and Mr. Williams became interpreter for the American Commodore. It was he who in the Bay of Yeddo spoke to the Japanese in their own tongue, and convinced them that Perry had come on a mission of peace.

Shot and shell opened India, cannon opened China, but Japan was opened by the gospel of peace, from and by Christian Americans.—'Church at Home and Abroad.'

'The immediate effect of a moderate amount of alcohol is,' says a writer in the 'North American Review,' 'a feeling of increased vigor. Ideas are increased in quickness, but lose in concentration. The system soon demands the stimulant more frequently. Abstinence is followed by suffering. The hand loses its steadiness, the brain its clearness. Insomnia adds to the drain on nervous forces and the patient instinctively resorts for relief to the poison which is the direct cause of his condition. In time, these symptoms become intensified, and evidences of chronic degeneration manifest themselves.—'Alliance News.'

An Alphabet of Proverbs.

A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft. Boasters are cousins to liars. Confession of a fault makes half amends. Denying a fault doubles it. Envy shooteth at others, and woundeth herself. Foolish fear doubles danger. God reacheth us good things by our own hands. He has worked hard who has nothing to do. It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them. Knavery is the worst trade. Learning makes a man fit company for himself. Modesty is a guard to virtue. Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it. One hour to-day is two to-morrow. Proud looks make foul work in fair faces. Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep. Richest is he that wants least. Some faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater. Trees that bear most hang lowest. Upright walking is sure walking. Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Wise men make more opportunities than they find. You will never lose by doing a good turn. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.—'Alliance News.'

The Daily Round.

(By the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward, B.A.,)

It seemed so easy to do something grand
Outside of the sordid ruts,
And get behind the levers of the land
With the calm touch of a compelling hand,
Which opens valves and shuts.
And yet the iron coil
Of daily sin,
The suffering and the burden and the soil
And curse of bitter toil
Held me therein;
I was a pilgrim bound to work and wait,
Through the dim turmoil of the street called strait.

And so I labored dully, darkly on,
I did the common things
Or what was nearest, ere the bloom had gone;
And when the light of fair ocean shone
In daily travailings,
I mixed myself with all,
The gold and clay,
The drudgery, the bridal, and the pall;
And every little call,
Ringing to pray,
And unawares a house of music rose,
In rapture of shy beauty and repose.

I yielded to the drawing of the hour,
And each familiar tie;
I plucked its secret from the moment's power
And mysteries from many a wayside flower,
Learning to live and die.
The trouble as it came
Or grimly went,
Was part of life's old lot and working frame,
To fashion bliss or blame,
Divinely sent.
And then, unseen, a blessed poem grew
Out of the grovelling dust, in fire and dew.

I helped my brother when he flagged or fell,
With solace sweet to give,
And eased hard service and the tossing swell
By free surrender and the matin bell,
Learning to die and live.
And while I largely gave
I gathered more,
Even from the grip of the reluctant grave
Or adverse wind and wave,
As private store.
For rank and riches all beneath me lay,
And Jesus met me, walking by the way.
—'Day of Days.'

LITTLE FOLKS

The Strawberries.

PART I.

An old soldier, with a wooden leg, was passing once through a village when he was taken suddenly ill. He could not travel any further and lay down in a barn upon some straw.

There little Agatha, the daughter of a poor basket- maker, found him. She took pity upon him, visiting him every day, and always giving him a penny.

One day she found the old man in great distress, and, as soon as he saw her he said, 'My dear child, I have just heard that your parents are quite poor. Tell me how you get this money. I would rather starve than take a penny from you that was not honestly your own.'

'Oh,' said Agatha, 'make yourself quite easy; the money is fairly earned. I go to school in the next market town, and on my way I pass through a wood where there are a great many wild strawberries. So I gather every day a little basketful, and I sell them in the market. My parents know all about it, and are quite pleased. They often say that there are many persons in the world poorer than we are, and we must show them all the kindness in our power.'

Tears stood in the eyes of the old man as he said, 'Dear child, God will surely bless you and your parents for your great goodness to the poor and suffering.'

Even the poor may do much to help others if only they have a willing mind.

PART II.

After a time an officer, decorated with many orders, rode through the village. He drew up before the door of the inn in order to have his horses fed. He heard there of the poor sick soldier, and went to visit him.

The old man told him of the kindness of his little friend.

'What!' exclaimed the officer, 'a poor child has done all this for you? Then, I, your general, ought certainly not to do less. I will at once make arrangements for you to be taken to the inn and well cared for.'

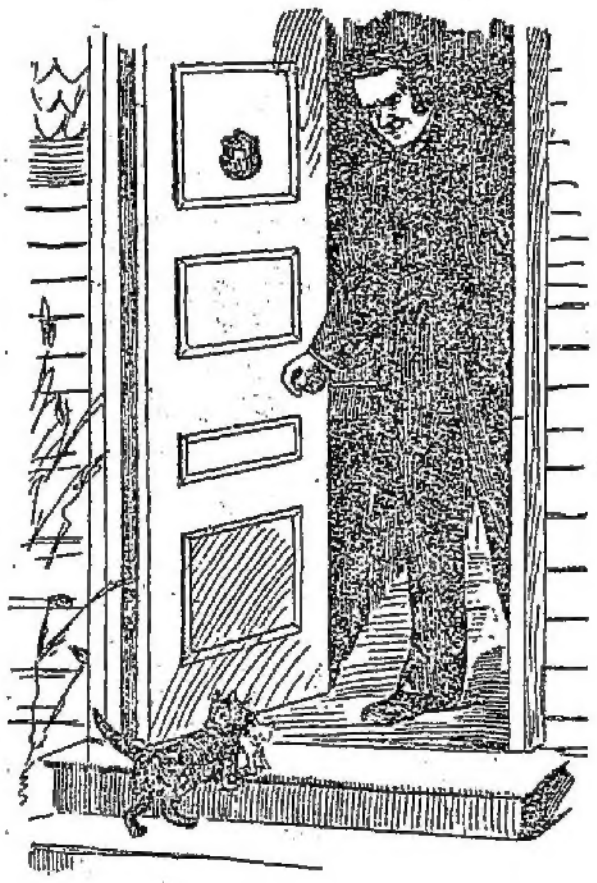
He went then to the cottage of little Agatha, and said to her, 'My good child, your goodness to my old soldier has rejoiced my heart: for as many copper coins as you have given him, I will give you now the same number of gold pieces.'

'Oh, it is too much!' exclaimed the astonished parents.

'No, no,' answered the officer; 'this is only a poor reward. She will one day receive a much better one from our Lord, who has said that even the gift of a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose its reward.' — 'The Prize.'

The Deserted Kitten.

Each one of the two families living near us in the outskirts of our town had a cat. The families were good friends and lived near enough to pay frequent visits to each other,



and the little folks played together at hop-scotch, marbles or tops, whichever happened to be in season.

The cats, too, often interchanged visits. These cats had kittens. Those belonging to Jummie, who lived with the Martins, were three weeks older than Mrs. Gray's, and there were five of them, while Mrs. Gray suffered the loss of three of hers by drowning, leaving her only one.

'I suppose she hardly thought it worth while to stay at home and take care of just one,' said Jennie, her little mistress, when she found that Mrs. Gray had gone out visiting and had never come back.

'But the idea,' answered Bessie Martin, her little friend, 'of leaving a poor tiny blind mite like that to squeak and mew itself to death! I think she must have been caught in a trap; she never would have done it on purpose, Jennie Well, you must be the little mother and feed it yourself.'

Jennie did her best, but the kitten was too young to be taught to drink, and it was hard to find any way of feeding it. When night came it was left in its bed, made as comfortable as possible with bits of old flannel, but it mewed pitifully.

Jummie's kitties, now four weeks old, were beginning to play nicely on the stack of wood in the woodshed, where their box was.

The next morning Jennie came round to Bessie in great trouble.

'My poor blind kittie is lost. And she's too young to go out visiting, I know, unless somebody carried her.'

'Nobody from here has taken her, that's certain,' said Bessie.

The five big kitties were all playing about and Jummie was sitting quietly in her box.

'Why, look here!' called out Jennie presently in an excited voice; 'here's the little missing mite!'

And, sure enough! there was Jummie fondling and purring over the poor little thing. She treats her own five kittens very well, but she is fiercely fond of the little deserted one. She won't allow any one to interfere with it at all.

The little girls were so excited over this strange happening that they told everybody in the house about it.

'Why,' said papa Martin, 'that must have been the kitten that Jummie had in her mouth last night. I heard her making a great fuss outside, and when I opened the door I saw that she was carrying a kitten, but it was almost dark and I didn't notice but that it was one of her own.'

'I guess she must have heard the little thing mewing when she chanced to come and pay Mrs. Gray a visit, and so carried her off,' suggested Jennie. 'But what a journey for her with a kittie in her mouth! She had two fences to climb and quite a hundred yards to travel through long grass and oats growing in two fields.'

'It showed she had a real mother-heart,' said sister Alice. 'I didn't know that cats were so kind to each other.'—'Child's Paper.'

Cyril's Trouble.

(By Catherine Shaw.)

'Why, what is my darling crying for ?'

But sobs were the only answer. So she took her boy up and clasped him to her with a certain nameless sinking at her heart when she felt his arms close round her neck convulsively, with still no reply but those raining tears.

'Has any one hurt you ? What is it, Cyril ?' she asked again and again.

But Cyril shook his head at every question, and squeezed her the tighter.

His young mother was greatly disturbed. She had only just come home from a week's visit in the country, at the house where she had first met her husband ; and though she had hesitated at leaving her darling, she had been laughed out of her fears. 'Surely two nurses were enough to take care of one little boy !' they had said.

She had come home now, and Cyril had burst into tears when he had seen her, and could give no explanation.

She sat down on her sofa and fondled him tenderly, urging him by every endearment to tell her what was the matter.

How she longed for her absent husband ! how she wished the months were over which must elapse before they were to join him in India !

Meanwhile, Cyril's sobs grew less, and at length he lay with his little face hidden in her neck, as if he would never raise it again.

'Can you tell mother now, Cyril ?' she asked softly.

'I'm afraid to,' he whispered.

'Who are you afraid of, precious?'

'Nurse would not like it,—nor wouldn't you, mo'ver !'

'But I would rather know anything that troubles you, Cyril. I shall not be angry, even if you have been naughty.'

'I haven't,' said Cyril, his voice fading again to a faint whisper. 'It was one day, nurse had some one to tea——. Oh, I can't tell you——.'

'Do, darling,' urged his mother, earnestly.

'They were talking—I was in bed with the door open—p'raps they thought I was asleep, but I wasn't. The girl that came told nursie that you—you, mother—wouldn't be happy if you went to see those people down in the country——.'

'Why ?' asked his mother in a low tone. Her heart thumped against her side as if it would burst. Did she guess the reason?

'I couldn't understand, but the girl said,—and she laughed dreadfully when she said it,—" She'd better wear a bit of blue ribbon if she goes there, for I've been parlormaid there, and they all drink ever so much wine !" '

Cyril's mother felt choking. 'Well ?' she murmured.

'That's all,' he whispered. 'Then they talked so low that I couldn't hear ; but oh, mo'ver, you will take a bit of blue riobon next time, won't you ?'

His beseeching, broken-hearted little tone !

'I'll never go there again, Cyril,' she said, solemnly.

The child gave her a closer hug.

'Then you are not angry, mo'ver ?'

'No—no, my precious—I only love you more than ever.'

'What did they mean, mo'ver ?'

'I do not know all, Cyril, but I see some of it. Mother, at any rate, will not take any more of their wine. I see it all now. Oh, Cyril, if you could guess how sorry I am !'

No, Cyril could not guess. His little hand had unwittingly touched a hidden temptation which lies in many a young path.

'What's the harm of a glass ?' Cyril's father had said many a time; and yet sixty thousand drunkards fall over the precipice every year ; and sixty thousand more are slowly, surely walking forward to take their places at the edge to fall over, too.

Young men in the city, tired and thirsty, why do you go out for your glass, if this is the end of it ?

Young women in shops and factories and bars, overworked and underfed, why do you take your glass, if this is the end of it ?

Fashionable young men—where will you stop ?

Mothers, sisters, in the higher classes, will you not take warning ere it is too late?

Cyril's mother thought these thoughts as she lay on her sofa still clasping her little son in her arms. What if any act of hers should separate her from her darling ? What if the glass which ruined thousands of other women, should ruin her !

She could not believe it—and yet —if it were possible ?

'Cyril, Cyril!' she whispered, 'let us ask God to help us all—father, and you and me—to keep his commandments always, and to please him in everything for Jesus Christ's sake !'

She rose from the couch, and sank on to her knees with the child's arms still clasping her neck.

Her maid thought her mistress very grave that afternoon when she came to dress her, and was surprised that the glass of wine she brought with her remained untouched.

When Cyril came down for the short time he was generally with her before dinner, he seemed to be very anxious for his nurse to disappear and shut the door.

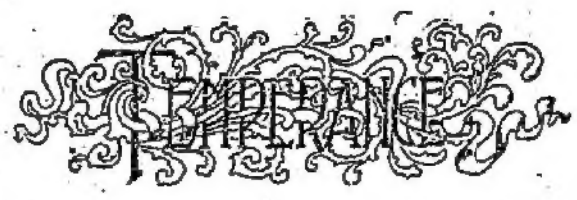
When he was quite sure she was gone, he bounded to his mother's side.

'Here's a bit of blue ribbon off my little Japanese dolly,' he said, fumbling at her dress with his inexperienced little fingers, while she hindered him very much by kissing them all the while.

'You think that will help me to keep my promise, Cyril ?' she asked softly.

'Will it ?' he said doubtfully. 'She said so !'

'I have promised God and my husband,' she said solemnly, putting her hand on her freshly-written letter ; 'but I will wear that for your sake, Cyril !'—'Our Darlings.'



Tobacco Catechism.

THE SLAVERY OF TOBACCO.

(By *Julia Colman*, National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON V.

Q.—Why do not men give it up when they find it is hurtful and so vile, and costs so much?

A.—Many would be very glad to do so, but they find it hard to break up the habit once formed.

Q.—What makes it hard?

A.—Because, when the tobacco is stopped, the system rests from its terrible poison fighting, and that makes a feeling of sinking; then there comes a thorough overhauling and cleaning out, and the man, not understanding it, thinks he is sick, and must take tobacco to cure him, and so it deceives him, and he keeps on.

Q.—Why do boys ever commence using it?

A.—Because they see men using it, and, as they are going to be men some day, they want to use it too.

Q.—How did our men come to use it in the first place?

A.—They saw the wild Indians use it.

Q.—A very poor reason. But what can we do about it?

A.—The boys can do some good by learning all they can about the mischief it does, so that they will never wish to learn to use it.

Q.—How can we help each other in this good work?

A.—Anti-Tobacco societies and Bands of Hope can be formed, in which these truths will be studied, and people can give money to distribute tracts, and editors can show it up in their papers, so that everybody can learn what mischief it does.

Q.—How much good will that do?

A.—They tell us that knowledge is power, and, if the wild Indians did not know any better than to poison themselves with tobacco, perhaps intelligent Christian people can learn, and we mean to try.

Across the Sea

(A True Story.)

On Chester street in Cheltenham, England, was a quaint old house. The street door opened directly into the plain but neat sitting room. In one corner was a hair-cloth covered lounge, and in another stood an old clock, an heirloom of three or four generations. Around the wall was arranged a row of straight backed old chairs. Pretty plants bloomed in the windows. The adjoining room served as dining-room and kitchen. Above these were bed-rooms. This was the home of surly John Chaucer, his wife and two sons. His meat-shop stood only a few feet away. Mrs. Chaucer was a cheerful little woman, whose good nature counteracted much of the influence of her husband's ill temper, and smoothed many rough places for the feet of her children. James Stewart lived just across the street. He also had two children, a boy and a girl. Mary Stewart had dark hair, large brown eyes and rosy cheeks. She was a bright, mischievous child. Although a companion in all her brother's boyish adventures, she was never rude. Because of some grudge surly John held against Mr. Stewart, their children had never been allowed to play together. As the children grew older naturally this restraint, for which they could see no reason, led them to seek opportunities to break through the unfriendly barriers. A strong friendship sprang up between Tom Chaucer and Mary Stewart, which, unconsciously to the maiden, ripened into a case of true love. However, Tom knew Mary was the idol of his life.

Tom and Mary were sitting on her father's doorstep in the early twilight. Tom went hastily to a rosebush near by, plucked a rose and presented it to Mary. As she bent admiringly over it he said, 'Won't you be my rosebud, Mary? I love you.'

A few days later Mary asked Tom, 'How will your father receive the news of our engagement?' The task of breaking the news to his father did not seem so hard at that moment as it afterwards did, and he replied quickly, 'Oh, he will scold at first, of course, but he will come around all right.'

The more Tom thought about it, the greater his difficulty appeared. Encouraged by his mother's approval and ready sympathy, Tom went into his father's shop, determined to settle the affair.

Finding the butcher alone he began:

'Father, I—I want to tell you something.'

The butcher dropped the great knife with which he was slicing beefsteak, and stared at Tom in astonishment. He was not accustomed to private conferences with his sons. Under his breath he said: 'What's the matter with the boy; is he daft?' To Tom:—'Well, tell it! Don't stand there, with your hands in your pockets and your mouth open enough to swallow this quarter o' beef, but never say a word?'

Perhaps to gain courage, Tom balanced himself on the edge of a hogshead of brine prepared to pickle beef. Then with a desperate effort, he stammered, 'I—I am engaged to Mary Stewart.'

'You! I'll fix you,' said the angry father, starting towards Tom.

Splash! Tom had tumbled backwards into the barrel. His one shrill cry for help was heard by several men who came to the rescue.

The butcher, without touching his son, was storming about the shop; and in his frenzy uttered incoherent phrases that led the rescuers to think that thieves had caused the disturbance.

'Here's the villain,' shouted one of the men, hearing Tom splashing in his briny bath, and attempting to climb out. 'Halt, or I'll shoot.' shoot.'

Standing still and rubbing the brine into, rather than out of his eyes, Tom wailed piteously, 'It's I. I fell in myself.'

'Well, it's yer voice, and not a sight of ye that saves ye,' said the man. 'You look like a drowned rat! A lively pickle ye be!'

In the meantime the butcher had disappeared and was laying the poor boy's sin before Mrs. Chaucer. Tom being free once more made no explanation, and the men departed shaking with laughter. This was the beginning of much trouble for Tom. He bore his father's censure and harshness with patience, and worked as he had never worked to learn the carpenter trade.

. . . . . .

For two years he had worked and waited when his father was prostrated with fever. Disease and an accusing conscience tended only to sharpen the butcher's temper, making him almost unmanageable. The second week of his father's illness, although he continued to scold him, surly John began to show a preference for Tom's services, finally insisting upon having his constant care.

One night the butcher lay very quiet, with his eyes closed. Tom thought he was asleep. Weary with much watching Tom could not keep awake any longer. As he sat with his head dropped forward he felt a touch. Immediately he awakened and found his father's eyes fixed upon him, with a strange, new expression in them. He clasped Tom's hand and in a trembling voice said:—'Tom, you have been a good son, a very good son. You and Mary have my blessing.'

Poor Tom discovered that his father was dying, and called the family.

Let us draw a curtain round this flickering life and let it go out in the midst of the family circle. When the shackles of mortality begin to fall off, how often the cramped soul reveals its better promptings!

The news of the butcher's death spread rapidly through the town. Many who had been accustomed to say, 'Surly John,' came to pay their respects to 'Dear Mr. Chaucer's remains.' John Chaucer was laid to rest in the church-yard. According to his wish the echo of the funeral knell announced the marriage of Tom and Mary.

For five years they lived happily in the old house. Then Tom, thinking he could earn more money in America, kissed his wife and baby good-by and sailed for the new world. Yes, he would send his wages back to bring his family to a better home.

. . . . . .

In the saloon district of Minneapolis a mission had been established. There is a children's meeting in progress. The sweet, clear voices of the boys and girls ring out above the noise of the street. An old man takes his seat just inside the door. The song is finished. The superintendent, a lady, says: 'I want every one upon whom I call to tell us a bible story.' The request meets with a hearty response. After several stories have been told a little girl's hand is raised. 'Please, may I tell a story, too?' Permission being granted, with a simplicity known only to childhood, she tells the story of Jonah. How he tried to run away from duty, away, away across the sea, but the fish swallowed him. God made the fish let Jonah loose and made him willing to do right. While the closing hymn is being sung the old man leaves the room and disappears in the darkness.

A week has passed and the boys and girls are again assembled. This evening the subject is temperance. The superintendent makes a few remarks, then asks for information from the boys and girls. A girl of twelve answers the question. What makes a drunkard's nose red?' She carefully explains how the nerves controlling the capillaries are paralyzed by the alcohol and that keeps the blood near the skin until it becomes congested and cannot return to the heart. The result is a red nose.

'That's what made my nose red! Pray for me.'

The speaker is the old man who was in the meeting last week. At the close of the meeting the superintendent listens to his story.

'Twenty years ago I came to this country hoping to make money. An illness soon after I landed consumed the little money I had. I found it hard to get work. While wandering about in New York searching for work, I met a man who was very kind and promised to get me a job. A saloon-keeper wanted some work done. I did not like to take the place but did not wish to offend my new friend, and could see no other way to get work. I took the job, and that very day began to travel the road which leads to death.

'I left a wife and child in England. If she is living she believes me dead. I could not let her know my life. I wrote her for a time dwelling upon the prospects of a bright future, keeping silent about the present, but never sending her any money. All the time I was falling lower and lower. At last I bribed my boon companions to write my wife that I was dead.'

'Why did you come in here?'

'A short time ago I came to the city. Last week I was walking past this place and heard the music. Not knowing why, I stopped at the door. I was surprised to see you and a crowd of young people holding some sort of a meeting. A polite boy invited me in and offered me a singing book. I would not have stopped to hear a man preach. I had not been in a place of worship for more than fifteen years. I took a seat near the door and thought I would see what was going on. That Jonah story was too much for me. I thought I was another Jonah. I ran away from duty across the sea. "Jesus, lover of my soul," cast a spell over me. Could he love my soul? I could stand no more; I left the room, but could not forget what I had heard. I have been miserable ever since. I did not want to come here to-night, but something compelled me to come.'

Poor man! he had been serving a hard master. Before leaving the room he decided to change masters. He went out with a new purpose and a new hope. Being a skilful workman and once started in the right way he was kept busy. Every week his voice was heard blending with the mission boys and girls. He said their meetings helped to strengthen him to meet temptation.

One evening he told the boys and girls part of his story. In closing he said: 'I am saving my wages now. When I get enough money I will try to find my wife and son.'

Six months later the superintendent received this note from Dr. James Roberts: 'Tom Chaucer fell from a high scaffold to-day, and cannot live many hours. He wants to see you.'

The lady went immediately. Tom gave her the names of a number of his old neighbors in England and asked her to try and find his wife and son, if living. He said: 'Tell Mary God has forgiven me. I had hoped to have her forgiveness on this side, but God's will be done.'

The sentence was finished in a whisper. Tom had crossed the sea, the sea of life.—Jennie Shuford, in 'North and West.'

LESSON VIII., August 22.

The Excellence of Christian Love.

I. Corinthians, xiii., 1-13.

Read Chapters xii., and xiii. Commit verses 4-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.'—I. Cor., xiii., 13.

Home Readings.

M. I. Cor. xii., 1-31. 'Covet earnestly the best gifts.'

T. I. Cor., xiii., 1-13. 'The excellence of Christian love.'

W. Lev. xix., 1-18. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'

Th. Luke x., 25-37. An example of neighborly love.

F. Rom. xiii., 1-14. 'Love the fulfilling of the law.'

S. John xv., 1-17. 'Love one another as I have loved you.'

S. I. John ii., 1-17. 'He that loves abides in light.

Lesson Story.

Our lesson to-day is about, 'The greatest thing in the world' — the virtue without which all other virtues are of little worth. Everyone loves something or somebody even if it is only themselves, but love of self has no part in this chapter.

Paul has, perhaps, in mind those who have boasted of the wonderful gifts bestowed on them, and reminds them that even the gifts of tongues and prophecy and faith, if used without charity, gentleness and love, are unprofitable. Even the utmost generosity and greatest self-sacrifice, if not prompted by the spirit of love, are worthless. Love is patient and courteous, contented and humble. There is no self-seeking or love of display in true charity. Love fills the heart with sweetness and purity, takes no pleasure in evildoers, but rejoices in righteousness. Love is long-suffering, bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things, love never faileth. Prophecies shall fail, tongues shall cease, but love lasts and shall last for ever.

We know a little, and we can prophesy a little now, but our knowledge is very slight and imperfect, we cannot grasp much with these human minds, so limited and narrow. But when we enter into the perfect knowledge of God, the little views that we had on earth will vanish in the depths of the riches of the knowledge of God. As a man's thought and understanding is immeasurably greater and larger than that of a child, so the heavenly mind will be infinitely greater and larger than the human. As the reflection of a face in polished metal is dim and uncertain compared to beholding the face in reality, so our knowledge is dim and uncertain, compared to the knowledge we shall possess. Now we know imperfectly, then shall we know even as we are known.

'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.'

Lesson Hymn.

Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most,
Of thy gifts at Penecost
Holy, heavenly love.

Love is kind and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love, than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three;
And the best is love.

Lesson Hints.

'Tongues.' — The Pentecostal gift of eloquence. 'Charity'—Christian love. 'Sounding brass' — a discordant noise, having no music or worth. Having no more meaning or effect than a 'tinkling cymbal.'

'Prophecy' — Speaking God's will to the people. 'Mysteries' — The things that are hidden from the wise and prudent, (Matt., xi., 25.) 'Faith'—Miracle-working faith. 'Remove mountains' — as promised by our Lord, (Matt., xvii., 20.)

'Have not charity'—If I am prompted by some other spirit than love to God and man, 'I am nothing.' 'Bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned'—If these are done for men's applause or to glorify myself in any way they are of no profit to the doer, a great self-sacrifice if not performed in love and humility will make the doer proud and boastful, thus harming, instead of benefiting his own soul. 'Charity suffereth long,'—is not impatient or hasty-tempered. Love is like the rose, which when crushed gives out a sweet fragrance.

'Is kind'—Kindliness and courtesy are natural to him who loves. 'Seeketh not her own'—is willing that others should have the best places, content to be anywhere in God's world and work. 'Is not easily provoked'—'Is not provoked,' (R.V.), never flies into a temper, never utters a mean word. 'Thinketh no evil'—Guileless (Psa. xxxii., 2), never imputing wrong motives. 'Rejoiceth in the truth'—In sympathy with every good word and work.

'Believeth all things' — believing good of every one, not critical or fault-finding. Believing that God will make 'all things work together for good to them that love God. 'Charity never faileth' — endures forever. The love we have here is but a foretaste of the love we shall have in heaven.

'Prophecies' — There will be no need of prophecies when all shall know the Lord from the least even unto the greatest. (Jer. xxxi., 34). 'Tongues'—There will be only one language in heaven, all shall know the same, the language of love. 'We know in part'—imperfectly.

'Through a glass'—The mirrors of those days were polished pieces of metal, nothing could be seen clearly in them. 'Now abideth faith, hope, charity,'—these are the certainties of religion, these three endure forever, and the greatest of all virtues is love. (John xv., 12, 13.)

Search Questions.

Give ten verses, apart from this chapter, showing what Christian love does.

Primary Lesson.

Did you know there was a verse in the bible that tells us to be kind? You will find it in the fourth chapter of Paul's letter to the Ephesians, the thirty-second verse, 'Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven you.'

It does not mean just being kind and sweet to our own father and mother and the brothers and sisters in our own home, but to every one. You know any one who loves Jesus is a child of God, and so we are all brothers and sisters. God is love, and if we want to be like God, we must be loving and kind and thoughtful for others.

Do you know what makes you cross and angry and makes your face all pucker up into such an ugly little frown as it sometimes does? It is the naughty thoughts in your heart, if your heart did not hold mean thoughts your lips would never speak those mean, cross words, that make other people feel so badly.

How can we keep our hearts from having unloving thoughts? We can not. What shall we do then?

If a tumbler is brimming full of water, can it hold any air? If it is just brimming over with water there can be no room for anything that is not water. If our hearts are just brimming over with love, there can be no room for anything that is not love.

But how can our hearts be filled with love? God is love, and if we ask him to fill our hearts with himself, we will be so full of love that there will be no room for anything else. How can we keep this love in our hearts? We can not because we have no power in ourselves to be good. But Jesus has all power. He can make us loving and forgiving, tenderhearted, kind and true, and he will keep us so if we just keep trusting him to do it all the time.

Just wherever we are, in school, on the play-ground, at home, or walking along the street, we can speak to Jesus and ask him to keep our hearts full of love, love to God first and to the people around us and the people far away.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'My Jesus, I love Thee,' 'Hark! my Soul,' 'Behold, what love!' 'Jesus is our Shepherd,' 'More Love to Thee,' 'Love Divine,' 'God Loved the World,' 'Jesus, the Very Thought,' 'Oh, for a Heart to Praise my God!'

Practical Points.

By A. H. CAMERON.

(I. Cor., xiii., 1-13.)

Loveless eloquence, cold intelligence, barren faith and common charity, all shrink into insignificance when compared with Christian love. Verses 1, 2, 3.

All the characteristics of love which are mentioned here emphasize the beauty, value and power of the 'greatest thing in the world.' Verses 4 to 8.

Prophecies, tongues and knowledge, sooner or later will reach the vanishing point, but 'kept by a father's hand, love cannot die,' Verses 8 to 10.

The Christian shall be childlike but not childish. Verse 11.

Viewed from all standpoints this world loses by comparison with the next, yet it is our duty to make the best of both worlds. Verse 12, also I. Tim. iv., 8.

Love is first among the Christian graces, because it is the source of faith and the mainspring of hope. Verse 13.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Aug. 22.—'Have we the Spirit of Christ?'—Rom viii., 1-13.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Aug. 22.—Lessons from great Christians. Rev. vii., 9-17.

Closet Work.

1. Never sit down to study a lesson without seeking aid of the Holy Spirit.

Psa. cxix., 18; James i., 5.

2. Seek to know your deficiencies as a teacher, and make these a special subject of prayer.

3. Make special prayer daily for each member of your class; fervent, wrestling, believing prayer.

James v., 16.

4. Pray for your superintendent that he may have the needed wisdom and grace.—'Sunday-School Times.'

But the teacher's preparation should enter into his whole life. He should be prepared to live during the week what he teaches his class on the Sabbath. There should be no inconsistencies in his life. Worldlings are quick to notice the faults of professed Christians, and it has been said that inconsistent Christians do more harm to the cause of Christ than infidels. What must be the effect on the scholars if the teacher's life be not consistent with his teachings!—'Living Epistle.'

Here is the experience of a noted worker in the Sabbath-school, which offers a good hint for getting more and better study of the Sabbath-school lesson at home: 'Mrs. Mary Geikie Adams, a sister of Cunningham Geikie, is superintendent of the Home Department of the Sunday-school in Canaan, Conn. She says that, when she first calls, if she cannot get a person to make the pledge to study the lesson a half-hour every week, she does not urge the matter, but leaves the question for consideration. The next time almost invariably the pledge is signed.'—'Sunday-School Times.'

Did You Forget?

How often do you really deny yourself to contribute a few pennies to God's service?

'Forgot my nickel,' mumbled the boy with the gold watch.

'Spent all my money yesterday,' laughed the one with the spike-toed shoes.

'Saving up to buy a "bike,"' said the one with his hands in his pockets.

The envelope passed round the class, returning to the teacher with six cents. Everybody knew who put in that nickel and penny. It was the boy who earned fifty cents a week, carrying a newspaper route. His trousers were too short for his fast lengthened legs, and his carefully polished shoes showed a break here and there; but one-tenth of his earnings was given without fail to the Lord.—'Wellspring.'

HOUSEHOLD.

A Choice of Sweets.

(By Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale.)

'A made dessert' is often a stumbling-block and rock of offense to the young housekeeper, who knows only too well that though Bridget may produce a pudding or a pie with an air of triumph, yet it is sure to be a coarse, heavy affair, not in the least like anything that she herself would choose for her own dainty table. In the unobservant days of maidenhood she had only the vaguest notion of the composition of those airy trifles, eaten with thoughtless satisfaction; but now she puzzles her brain with seeking to reduce to its original elements every attractive morsel that she tastes. The mysteries of dessert-making are not very formidable, and the charming young mistress will find the required manipulation better suited to her once light fingers than to those of the average plain cook. With explicit directions for the preparation of a little list of favorite sweets, each in its way somewhat typical, a very little practice will enable her to take pleasure in her own skill, and to offer its results with perfect confidence. Indifference is the chief obstacle to profiting by the experience of others. These contributions are therefore submitted to the eager domestic student with cordial assurance.

Bavarian Cream.—Next to frozen creams and ices, the creams made with gelatin form the lightest and most elegant of made desserts. As they may be moulded in ornamental shapes and colored to please the fancy, they give room for considerable exercise of decorative skill and taste, while at the same time they are quite as pleasing to the palate as to the eye. It is well, therefore, to learn all about making this class of creams. A few general ideas must be kept in mind. The gelatin is always to be softened by soaking first in cold water or other liquid, then dissolved by the action of heat. The amount of gelatin required is less in cold weather and also when eggs are used. Two ounces, or half the usual four-ounce box to a quart of liquid is a safe general rule, but often this is more than necessary, and while too little has disagreeable consequences in furnishing a custard that fails to retain its proper shape, too much produces a slight toughness which is equally undesirable.

For a plain cream, soak the gelatin for half an hour in half a cup of cold water. Dissolve a cup of sugar in a pint of milk, add the gelatin, bring all to a boil and strain, flavoring to taste with vanilla or other extract. When partially cooled mix with a pint of whipped cream and mould. Some cooks add two well-beaten eggs stirred into the milk when near the boiling point.

To the pint of milk put two tablets of Baker's chocolate, scraped or grated, and stir until perfectly smooth, then proceed as before and you have a fine chocolate cream. Use fruit juice in place of milk, squeezed oranges or the strained syrup from peaches or pine-apple and you have a delightful fruit cream. Combinations and variations are numberless. As has been said by one of our modern enthusiasts in fine cookery: 'In cookery we learn the eternal principles and each one composes according as he (or she) has more or less imagination.'—'N. Y. Independent.'

Bashfulness.

Writing on this subject in the 'Household,' Clara S. Everts says: 'Mothers of children who are bashful deplore the fact and the awkwardness that is its outgrowth, yet most of them would deny that bashfulness is as often an acquired fault as it is a natural one.

'Bashfulness is the result of self-consciousness. Bashful persons, whether they realize it or not, are constantly thinking of themselves, their appearance, manner or actions; and how they are regarded by others.

'The great majority of children are not naturally self-conscious; but it is taught them as they grow, "here a little and there a little."

'Who of us has not reproved a child somewhat similar to the following:

'"Why did you do so and so before Mrs. Smith? What will she think of you? Can I never teach you that you are not to do such and such things when any one is here? I was so mortified. I hardly knew what to do. Will you never learn that you must not talk in that way before company?"

'The thought that people are—as we are led to suppose—watching and commenting on their actions makes them ill at ease, consequently awkward.

'We are, as a rule, too lax in the training of our children. We fail to notice the little defects in manner; the lapses in speech or action when alone, and rarely think of them, only as the presence of those before whom we are anxious to make a good impression makes these things, which are, in reality, of daily occurrence, appear to us in their true light.

'Children should be early and carefully taught that certain words and acts are of themselves wrong; no reference ever being made as to the presence of others, or anything of that kind.

'A child's mind should be kept as free as possible from the thought, "What will people think or say?" They will then develop naturally and freely, possessed of an easy, pleasant manner, unmarred by self-consciousness, and its unpleasant outgrowth—bashfulness.'—'N. Y. Observer.'

Dust and Dusters.

(By Helen Campbell, in 'Union Signal.')

It is as a peaceful rather than malignant enemy that the housekeeper regards dust. Insidious and unconquerable she knows it to be. Day after day, week after week its forces are routed; every inch of the house is swept, every inch dusted, and the doors are closed on a scene of immaculateness. They remain closed. Nobody enters the sacred chamber where the rites have been performed. Wind does not blow, and the foot of child is stayed without that door, yet three days have not passed before the curious inquirer may detect a film; in a week, positive, defined, triumphant. It is fluff evolved from nothing and arriving it would seem from everywhere; and the housekeeper groans, for she knows that light-minded as this enemy might be counted to be, its persistence is eternal and its presence no less so.

Long ago it came to the mind of one woman how to circumvent not only fluff, but its brethren. It was a damp duster that one day suggested methods of extinction; a damp duster, note; not a wet one. Even a damp one carried possibilities of smear for delicate paint; but being used with no results save good ones, confidence grew. There had always been as little sweeping as possible; now there was next to none. Corners were brushed out, and the carpet-sweeper did the work where there were carpets. Mattings were brushed with a long hair brush and then wiped with a damp cloth wrung out till almost dry. A spoonful of ammonia in a pail of water and a cloth wrung out in the same way, was used to go over each carpet, brightening the colors and destroying the fluff. Everywhere the duster did its work; at the backs of furniture and along the baseboards and mouldings, and the results of this method were double. Not only was there a sense of purity in the air of the house, but coughs and throat irritations of one sort and another lessened for the whole family, one peculiarly subject to evils of this nature.

'I don't exactly understand why Jennie and Johnnie are so much freer than they ever were before,' said the little mother, 'but it is certain the damp dusting appears to have something to do with it. I suppose the dust flew about and kept their throats tickling.'

There was another reason deeper than any then known. Since that duster began its work a new realm has opened; one invisible to the ordinary eye, and telling its fullest story only to the scientist who searches diligently into hidden mysteries. We know to-day that life lurks in these floating motes, and where population is densest may be part of every breath drawn into lungs. Bacteria are the foes we fight, and their name is legion. Consumption, fevers, all contagious diseases are represented, each by its special form, all potent and forming part of the air we must breathe.

To free this air from such accompaniment is then one part of our newly discovered duty. Hospitals have learned this, and no hangings or upholstered furniture are allowed, while water is used constantly on bare floors, and wherever dust can lodge. But this bareness is repellant and impossible in homes, and in them we can only seek, as far as possible, to do away with the old fashion of heavy, dust-holding draperies, and to use fabrics that will repel rather than invite such lodgment as is certain with very rough surfaces.

It is with bacteria as with many other forms of life produced in numbers that stagger the imagination, countless numbers die before any lodgment has been found. Wind and other air currents do their work, and out of doors there is comparatively small chance of their being inhaled. But indoors it is different. The usual dusting by the ordinary servant, or by untrained intelligence of any description, means that the dust is simply stirred up in one place to settle in another. It may be removed from the smooth place where it had shown itself too prominently, to lodge in all the rough ones and thus store away portable disease of a dozen varieties.

Selected Recipes.

Baked Omelet.—Heat three cupfuls of milk, melting in it a bit of butter the size of a walnut. Beat well together five eggs, one tablespoonful of flour and a scant teaspoonful of salt, and add to the hot milk, stirring as rapidly as possible. Turn into a hot, well-buttered frying pan and bake in a quick oven one-quarter of an hour.

Creamed Fish.—Take cold boiled fish, remove bones, flake it, mince a few sprigs of water cress or parsley, cover with sweet milk, scald and season with salt and white pepper just before sending to the table. This is a delicate breakfast or lunch dish. Meaty fish like cod, halibut and salmon require strong seasoning.

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